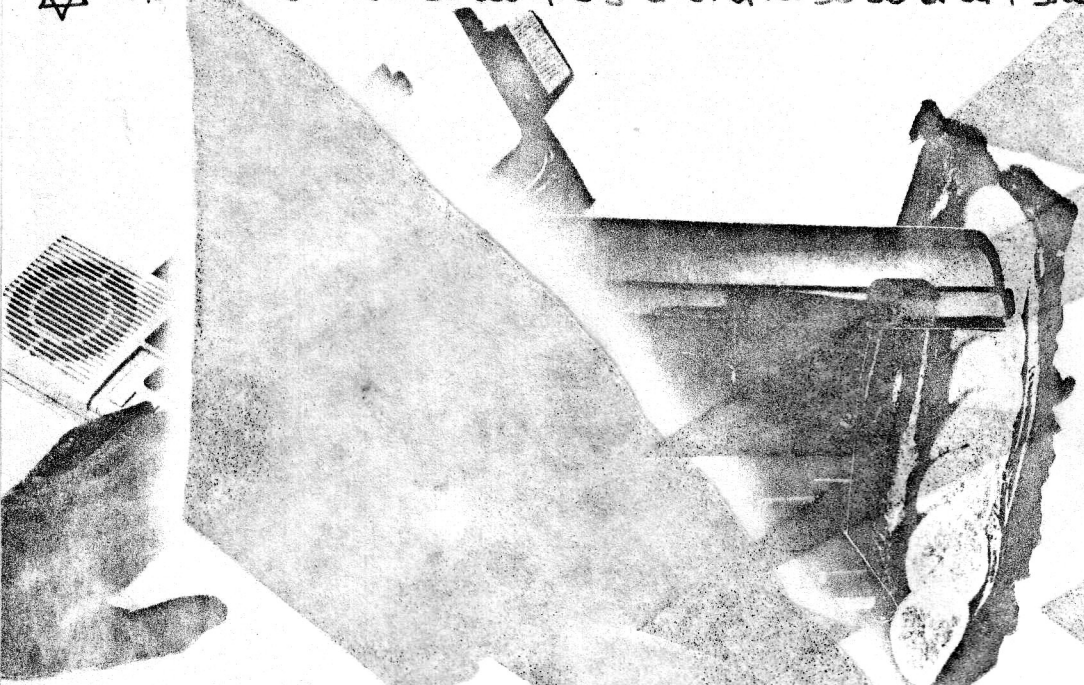
(photographic, for the arti[illegible]) for the widest tie in existance will be duely rewarded in the 1982 and a half Wide Tie Competition. Prizes (records, fanzines etc) will be awarded for the widest tie about, extra points will be awarded for tasteless designs, ie: carribean/hawaiian/poodle patterns, and cheeky comments included in the package. make yer own, back a strip of material with eh wide card, fold a[illegible]dges and glue, scrawl on thar awe full pattern and despatch it post h[illegible]e address at the front. (please send an s.a.e.).



bbaten inso:-
line up, Johnie-goitar, Adam-drums, Dave-bass, Mark singing, groovy C-20 tape out issue by this cool mag, songs;- Where were you today?, B-Movie Actor (about Reagon), Social Worker (about Social Workers), Strength In Numbers (NF/BM skins, about them), House Of Sin (public schools etc), Queing for R n' R show (queing 'stores' fans etc), Pop (jam/improvisation), tapes and info sheets are available from editorial address, tapes 95p or 80p +SAE, sheets SAE only. Bbaten are brilliant!

more patretic, mind[illegible]

the friendliest squir[illegible] ert, he has 765 friends.

the boy with the most [illegible] William Sludgeon of East Yorkshire. In parts[illegible] tell their children to stop 'ludgeoning'.

the world's most obstine[illegible] nor Regis sands, who accepted her first custome[illegible] and hasn't [illegible]d since.

the dirtiest player in profe[illegible]onal football is Ronnie Bovver who has represented his club in 53 [illegible] and only spent 8[illegible] minutes actually on the field.

At the age of 7½ months Fiona Nibble had allready bitten the fingers of [illegible] old ladies who had tried to tickle her under the chin as she lay in her pram outside Marks and Spencers in Blackp[illegible]l high street.

since she began travelling on public transport in [illegible]937 mrs. Angela Frail of Newcastle under Lyme has left no less than 485 umbrellas beh--ind.

At the age of 51 mr Paul Jones of Baxlyheath holds the world record for getting into cinemas at half p[illegible]ce.

A sausage at the monastry school, westminster, has been served up for school dinner 373 times being returned uneaten each time.
the most brilliant banana balancer of all time Sir Georges Scornet, captain of the French bananan[illegible]ng team and unbeaten world champion for 35 years until his retirement in 1912.

---

yours Thomas Gross O.B.E, M.P, P.M, V.C, O.M, N.B, B.O, B.B.C, I.T.V, P.T.O, P.V.C, K.G.B, Q.E.D, G.B.[illegible], T.N.T, G.L.C, H.P, O.K, S.O.S, K.O, J.V.O, o.a.p, V.A.T, E.T.C,

continued on page 97.

Hiya kids, it's the Concrete Beachwarden back again with another supa issue of your fave magazine, the last one sold surprisingly well, more than double the one before, so don't think i'm giving up yet. Also the not so very good Zigzag mag has voted, out of a total, this fanzine no:4 in it's fanzine, fanzine, chart. This is lop more expensive than no:7, but it's A4, not A5, has new zillo cover, and a six side A5 review booklet so you're not being done in any way, is you're reading this in a shop, why haven't you bought it u fuka? By the way the nurk that does this is called Joe Banks, fab turd. Yours, bon reading

Concrete Beachwarden.

8 back issues:- various issues are available, 4, 5, 6, 7 and v. few no:3, they're 1op + 15p, p+p. 3-36 sides, Ants (old), Fischer-Z, TG, TRB, 4-ToH, 5-BBRTEN, 6-Flux O.P.I., 7-DKs, PTV ITG, 4-16 sides, 5-22 sides, 6-20 sides, 7-20 sides A5. bam bam & elasticated nappies C20 also available from the my address, see bottom of the page. 5p p+p for extra copies.

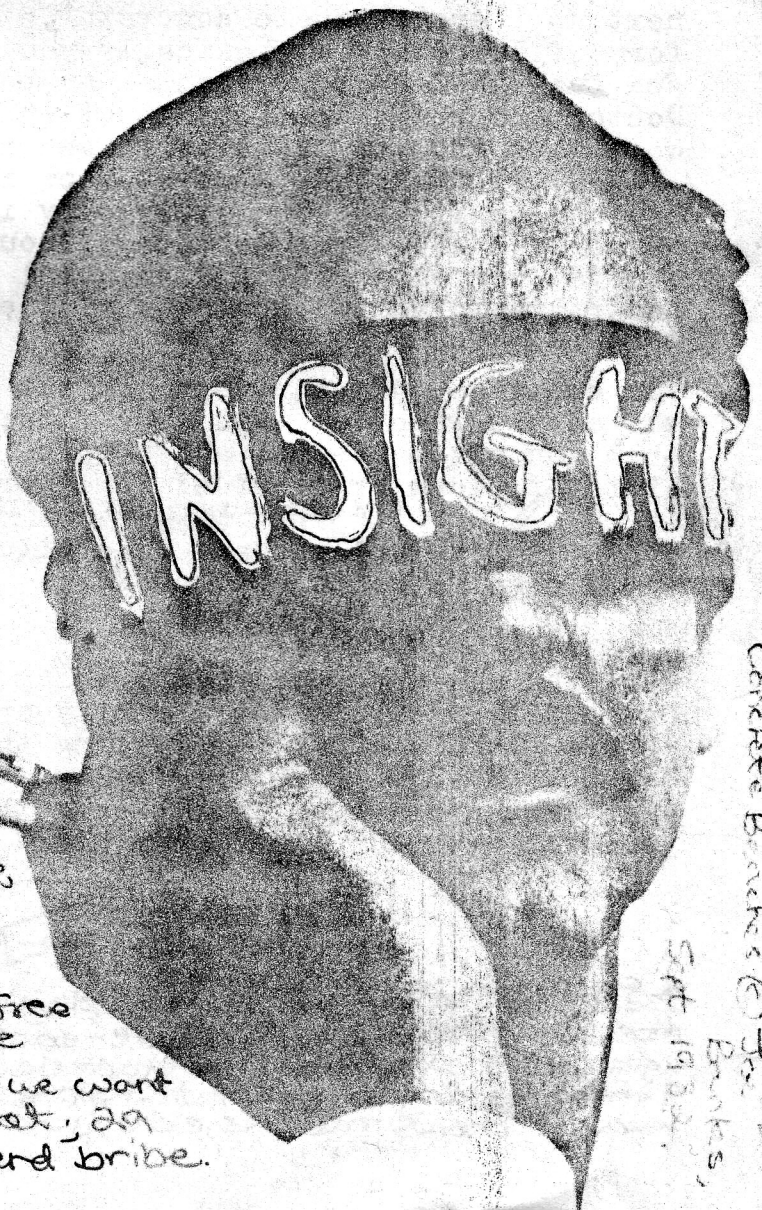
Contents:-

1- cover.
2- various forms of trivia.
3- this page.
4- electronic music.
5- collage.
6- electronic music (cont.).
7- rubella ballet
8- collage.
9- membranes.
10- collage.
11- so you think it's honest.
12- " " " " " + ZZ.
13- crappy literary pretensions page.
14- Birthday Party, Cocteaus Twins,
15- Fall, the Room.
16- a token grouse.
17- collage.
18- p.16 continued.
19- junk page.
20- b. cover.

review booklet:-

1- cover
2- fanzines, records,
3- vice squad à la 100 club
4- fanzines, records,
5- fanzines
6- Penthouse.

contributors- mark chilver, tom gross, john colman, joe banks*, tom butler where's your name?* c'est moi.



reasons why you should be in the throes of writing a brilliant contribution for concrete beaches:-

a) get your views known a bit more
b) achieve immortality
c) ego boost
d) get's the next issue out faster
e) improves & unbiases the mag
f) I want you to

So get scribbling and send 'em in, all scripts get a free copy, info etc welcome, (ie: membranes piece) all review copies welcome (ie: membranes piece again.)

thanks to Rough Trade distribution for free records, also M'branes, thanks to all the people who made encouraging noises, we want Wâsa the Woba pleas to be sent to me at, 29 langton way, lon SE3 7TJ, please send bribe.

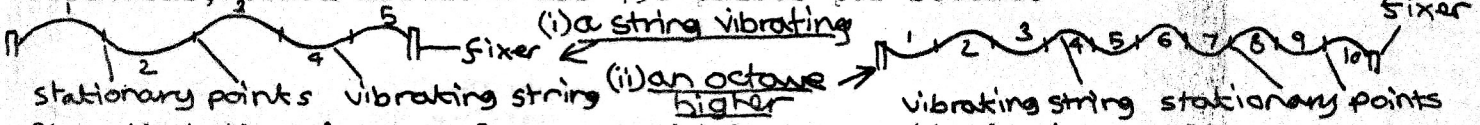
LOOK AND LISTEN FREE DAMP TEST

electronic music/a vague technical guide.

the classic and boring way of making electronic music is with a synthesiser, it's much easier to make 'music' as opposed to blank sounds with a synth than most methods of electronicifying, because most of them have a note keyboard or a separate keyboard that can be used with it.
the basic principal of a synthesiser is in it's name, 'synthesis', it constructs sound.
it has a couple of gizmos called 'white noise' generators, which produce sine, sawtooth, andsquare sound waves, when displayed look this (on an oscilloscope); sine ∿, sawtooth ⋀⋀⋀, square ⎍⎍⎍

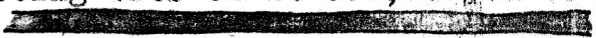
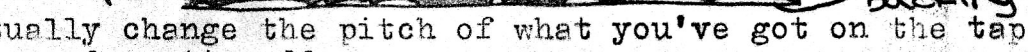
and pulses which are just 'dots of sound', at various speeds, the synth can produce virtually any pitch of these sounds (any pitch you can hear) and unlike yer normal organ it puts different combinations of these waves to-gether like building blocks, so that it can theoretically produce any sound possible.

of course if you want to be origional you don't have to use the normal 7 notes per octave, some ancient chinese banged on tuned stones at 5 notes per octave, and there's an american called Henry Patch who used about 60 notes to the octave, the difference between a note in one octave and the same note in the octave above is that the one above has twice the number of vibrations, normal middle A has 450 pulses per second.



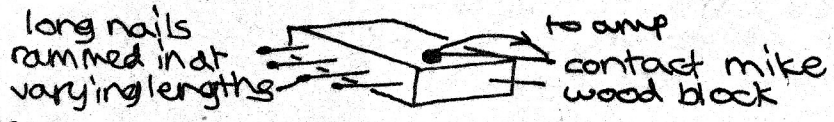
after that there's normal organs which are pretty boring really.

next up there's 'music concrète', a stupid name for the most versatile form of electronic music making, basically you take natural sounds on a tape recorder and fuck them up, the results can be amazing. Take for instance the last Doctor Who theme track, some nut at the BBC rammed a nail into a piece of wood, made alot of tapes of it, and played them in v. complicated combinat-ions, very fast. Take a noise, slow it down or speed it up enough and you can change it unrecognisably, play it backwards, edit out confusing snippets of sound etc, do that to lots of sounds, mix the results, do it carefully and you can give yourself an aural hernia after 2 mins' listening. Massive contrasts in volume, tone etc of the various elements of the music can also work wonders.

you can also edit the tape without cutting bits of it out, ie you've got a bit of pre-recorded tape like this; 
then you get a scalpel and cut it like this, and stick it onto a backing strip of blank or recorded tape for strength and/or wierdness;


this won't actually change the pitch of what you've got on the tape but it'll make it sound pretty odd.

then you can make odd noises using pure natural sounds, ie banging on tin can but then that's not strictly speaking electronic. A 'contact' micro-phone picks up sound travelling through objects and not the air, so it can hear things which aren't loud enough to disturb the air and get to your waxy oracles, so even though the sounds it hears aren't synthesised you will probably never have heard them and so think them 'wierd', ie;



a few examples:
'play' nails like a xylophone.
music concrète - Cabaret Voltaire - early years tape (71-74 or somewhat like that)
light controlled music - Darmstadt electronic music studio, Rockets (French group).
9 string guitar - Instant Automatons.
vocoders, chorus machines, echo, - just about everyone.

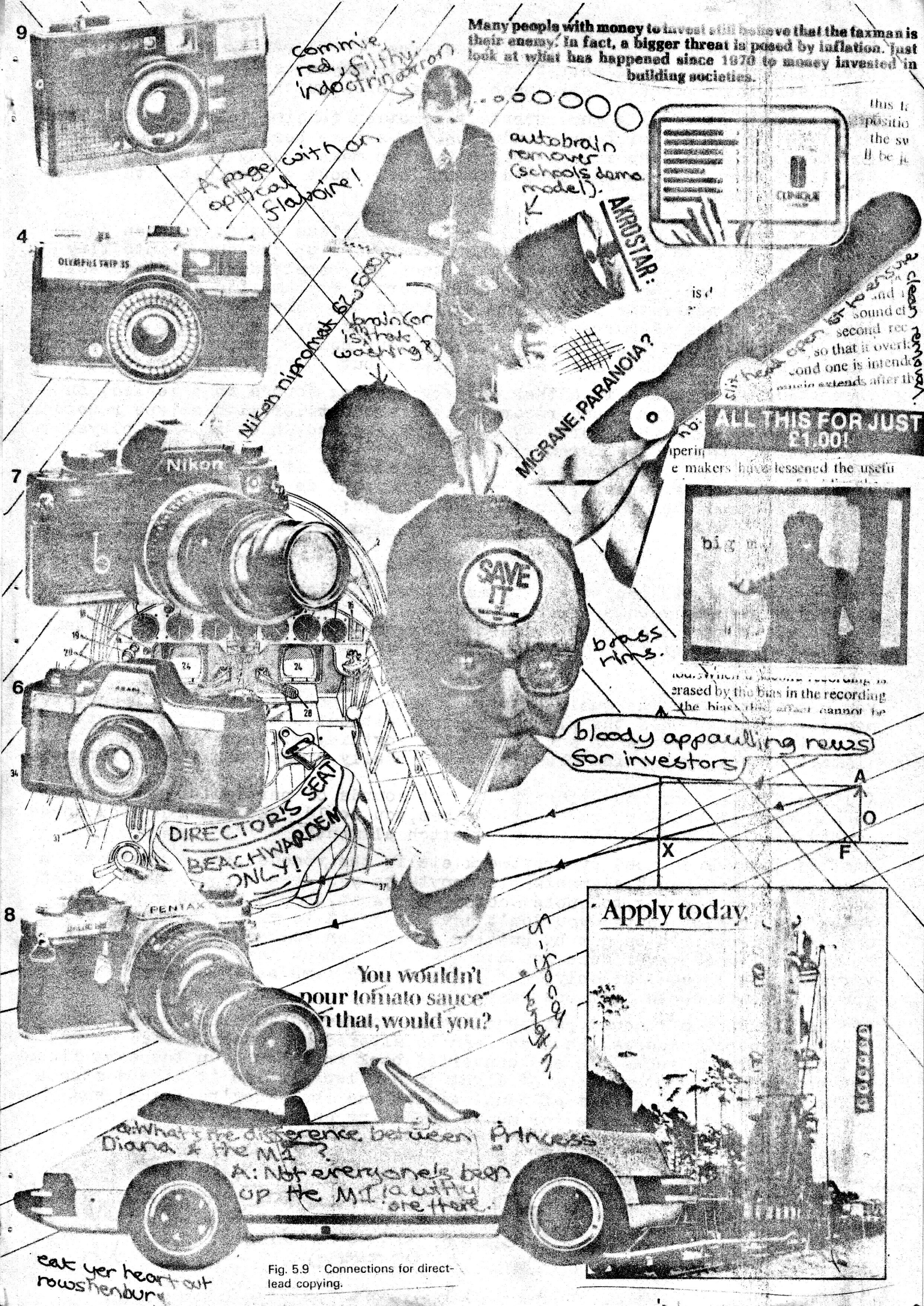

Many people with money to invest still believe that the taxman is their enemy. In fact, a bigger threat is posed by inflation. Just look at what has happened since 1870 to money invested in building societies.
this is
position
the sw
ll be ju
Commie, red, filthy indoctrination
A page with an optical flatbone!
autobrain removes (schools demo model).
AKROSTAR:
Nikon nipponmat 6z 500p
brain(or is that washing?)
MIGRANE, PARANOIA?
sink heart open at low pressure
clean removal
sound
second rec
so that it overl
cond one is intend
ALL THIS FOR JUST £1.00!
e makers have lessened the usefu
big
Nikon
SAVE IT
brass rims.
erased by the bias in the recording
bloody appalling news for investors
A
O
X
F
DIRECTOR'S SEAT
BEACHWARDEN ONLY!
You wouldn't pour tomato sauce on that, would you?
Apply today.
Q: What's the difference between Princess Diana & the M1?
A: Not everyone's been up the M1 lately are there.
eat yer heart out rowsherbury

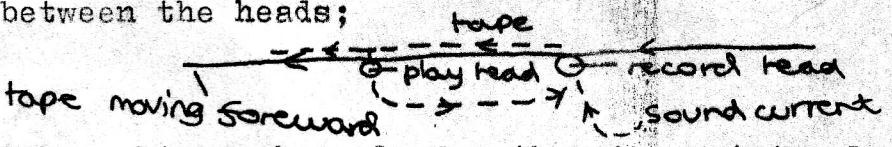
Fig. 5.9 Connections for direct-lead copying.

on the same lines a guitar pick up receives the vibrations of anything near it that conducts electricity and can be magnetised,so why not a metal spring or piece of wire mesh instead of a guitar string?

then there's converting instruments,flowmotion fanzine tells you how to make a 9 string guitar,Laurie Anderson put a tape head on her violin and bowed it with pre- recorded tape,and you can make crummy horns with a length of hose-pipe and a plastic funnel,how about a clarinet with a metal reed and a magnetic pick up?

lastly once you've got your noise there are various things you can do to it,effects.Vibrato is one,that's where you break up the sound into tiny bits,it can be done into so many bits that you barely notice the effect, or so slowly that the gaps in the sound form a rhythm,it's done by applying a square wave generator to your noise,it creates noise by making no current flow,then a pulse of current flowing,and on and on,as a vibrato it makes none of your noises flow,then a pulse of your noise flow,and on and on,a guitar fuzz-box has the same sort of effect but it's kind of 'rustier'.

then there's echo,this is either done by playing sounds in a sealed,non sound absorbing,chamber and recording the products,or with a tape recorder. the taperecorder method works by recording a sound,which is then played, the recorded tape moves foremard,and another tape head plays back the sound,repeating it,and sends a quieter version of it back to the recording head,and the cycle repeats,the speed of the echo depending on the speed of the tape and the distance between the heads;



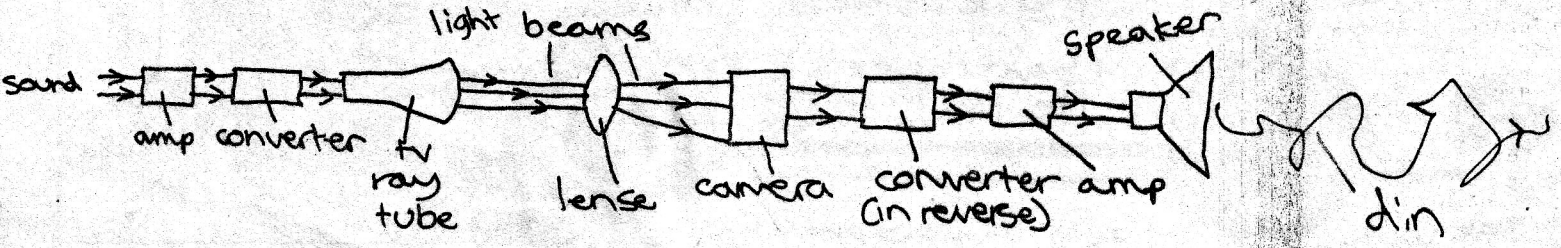
interesting effects can be got by making echoes louder than the origional sound,simultaneosly using several machines at different speeds,varying the speed while the machine is running,or echoing an echo effect (listen to the beginning of 'the sweetest grl' by scritti politti).

you can also apply the music concrete ideas to echo tapes,there is a tape machine which changes the pitch of a tape without changeing the duration which is good,but more of a novelty than anything else,one idea is to distort sounds by running them through a really crummy amp loads of times.

filters are another goody,they block out sounds of particular frequencies when a mass of sound is run through them,you could make human speech sound pretty odd by removing all the high pitch elements.

another juicy much used by Kraftwerk etc is the vocoder,its a synth which uses the normal synth elements plus anything you care to put into it,that usually means singing,to quote Doctor Who again,that's how they do the Dalek's voices,of course you don't have to do it to voices,but most do, similar effects can be got by putting vibrato on voices but that too is so far as I know never done.You can also get gizmos that echo sounds by varying time lapses,but only 2 or 3 times,each time at a different tone,so you can create duets from one voice etc.

and to end this off sound patterns can be converted into light patterns, like with oscilloscopes,the light can be altered by lenses,picked up by avideo camera or such-like and converted back into sound.On the same lines you can send a constant beam of light into a lense,pulse it like a strobe light to create the effect of sound vibrations (but they're light) and converting that into noise (or music depending on your tastes).



that's all brethren.

RUBELLA BALLET

Concrete Beaches has been accused in some quarter(s)of being totally obsessed with punk,to the extent that now it's a fairly widely held view among friends and enemies, that i'd do anything to have green hair;all i can say is that;a)only (almost only) punk bands seem to bother to answer letters,so getting written about;b)if I wanted to be punk I would be,there's nowt to stop me;c)the following article probably re-inforces the opinion i'm trying to disclaim,chiz.

Rubella Ballet seemed to be an interesting band largely because they presented their largely anarchistic lyrics not as the'fuck the system' scream that's so widespread,but in a much more subtle,and dare I say personal way, dealing basically with individual situations rather than 'I am the truth and the way' generalisations. In the whole of their XTrix tape, 'ballet bag'they mention 'anarchist' once,and don't say 'fuck' at all; both appear at least 20 times each on the 'feeding of the 5,000' by Crass;they can hardly be copyists, their comparitively light,nonoy music only goes to back this up,the only criticsism I have being that the drums sound like Theatre Of Hate,but then TOH's drums are very good.My review in the last issue was the most ambiguous thing under the sun.

Anyway,this is a postal interview Gemma,the bassist,who kindly replied to my questions,Andy,the has left to be replaced by Pete, who was a member some time before, Eugene,a synthesiser player,left with Andy,the 2 remaining members are;-Sid Attion-drums;-Zillah Minx-singing.

cb;so far as I can tell you've 'emerged' allmost entirely as a res--ult of your tape,has their been much activity prior to that?

g;Yes,there's been alot of activity prior to the cassette,4 years of it in fact.We started about 4 years ago with 2 different singers,but they left and Zillah Minx joined.We were doing gigs then with Crass and the Poison Girls as well as others. Some time on our guitarist left after a lot of trouble/violence at our gigs.We tried 2 different guitarists,the 2nd of which is on the cassette,the 1st isn't,he's the origional one,he rejoined.So we're back to as we first started now,& we were doing gigs alot before the cassette.

cb;how did the tape come about,where did the money come from etc?

g;It came about because we're very good friends with XTrix and they suggested us bringing out a plastic bagand they would bring it out on their label,we liked the idea,so we did.

cb;Why did you put in the book,and the badge and the poster,when presumably(as Anarchists) you don't want to encourage a pop star image(eg;adam posters)?

g;We put the book in because that's our lyrics,that seems pretty obv--ious.I don't see how giving people a nice bright poster for their walls & a badge to wear if they so choose is at all a pop starry thing to do, why be so boring and conservative, people are so afraid of something different,what d'you think punk was in the 1st place if not something totally different?

cb;I'd like to explain my views here, I think it's a good idea to give people value for money with 'extras' included in a package but only if these extras are an extension of the rest of the package,as I see it the concept of a band poster and badge is one of self publicity for the band whose name appears on it,rather than an actual aestetic object;why else do you get nice bright posters for your wall with British Airways on them.

cb;One of your lines is 'you've got your capitalist wealth8,which seems to be a condemnation,but Rough Trade, who appear to be your distributors, are pretty well the most capitalist of the small labels,with a shop in the U.S. and 4 or 5 different busin--esses in one,isn't it a bit of a let down to go to them?

g;When you release someone you have to get it distributed,and anyone who is in the distribution business is doing a job,and people do jobs to get money;so it doesn't really make any difference who makes your tape or record.They get the same distribution costs.

cb;just to draw you aside for a min. fair reader;there's a bit im 'the Godfather' where a girl is raped by 2 men,unsatisfied with the 2 year's conviction the rapists receive the heartbrocken father asks the Mafia to have the men bumped off,knowing full well that in the future he might have to commit a similar mur--der for the Mafia in the future, in exchange.You may not beleive that bears any reference to the last question but I think it does since the Mafia boss strongly rebukes the father for not coming to him first, when he came via the police.

cb;How've things been going with the tape,the Virgin store I got mine at was stuffed with them,has the NME (ug!)coverage on had any effect on sales?

g;The Nme probably helped,the bag's doing very well thanx.

cb;What sort of response have you got from the public?

g;We've had a very nice response from the public,it's nice looking at peop--le in the crowd when you're doing a gig and seeing all these bright oink, and yellow R.B. badges.

cb;Despite money and fame,which hopefully don't come into it too much,why did you start?

g;I was in a band before Rubella Ballet called the 'fatal microbes' (single on Small Wonder),but I was the drummer then;when the fatal microbes split up we were just getti--ng to know the other members of RB & we just started jamming in our music room,and it just started from there.I allways liked the bass so I played it.

cb;Has the name got anything to do with Spandau Ballet (contrast pun)?

g;No,nothing,we were going before them.

cb;is there any connection with Conflict?

g;Yes,Conflict are friends of ours and i'm going out with the lead singer (strangely ordinary thing to do,too cynical by half?).

cb;Your lyrics,and the prescence of at least one crassoid suggest your Anarchist tendency,why are you so, where you before you met crass or before they 'happened',and what'd you say of the people who are anarc--hists because it's a sort of craze?

g;I don't really understand this question,there isn't one person in Rubella Ballet who calls themself or would choose to call themselves a crassoid(cb;on the sleeve of Reality Asylum by Crass Gem Stone is credited for backing vocals, treated as a 'fully fledged' member, so I assumed that Gemma was primar--ily a member of Crass 'taking an outing' into Rubella Ballet,that's what I unfortuneately called a Crassoid),I don't know who you mean (you),there is such a mixture of opinions in Rubella Ballet so I can't really answer the next bit, I know that we're never going to get anarchy ie;no govt. and no state control,and if we did we'd not know what to do with it.I beleive in trying to get as much out of life as possible,stay happy,the main thing is to make your own choices, live your own life,ie;not letting people control you.To some people anarchy might be just a craze,but they don't understand it,they wear a @ sign 'cos it's hip.I don't go with all that,doing something just because everybody else does,that's stupid

"It's an obsession with me," she says. "I must find my father even if it's only to discover what kind of man

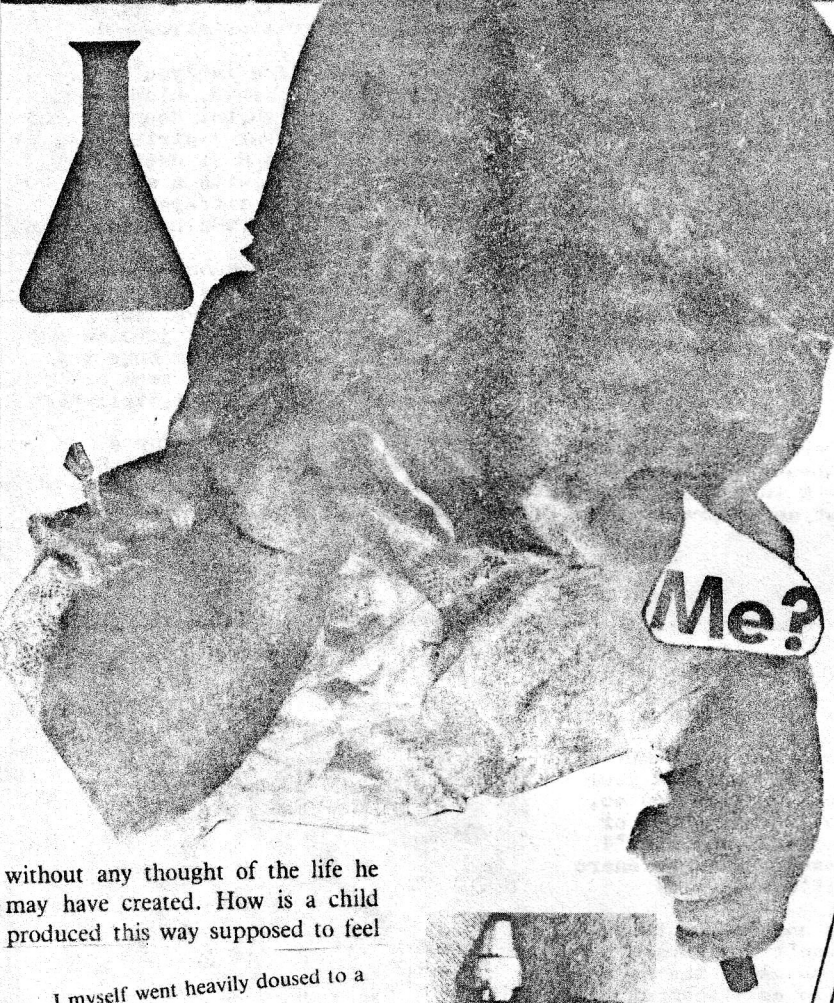
GIFTS FOR HER

And now brethren , the secret of mental emancipion!

sells his sperm and ultimately his own flesh and blood for $25 and then walks away whistling a happy tune

Small test tube
Observation

SEMENS



"Get copies to London and New York and have them ring me back in five minutes."

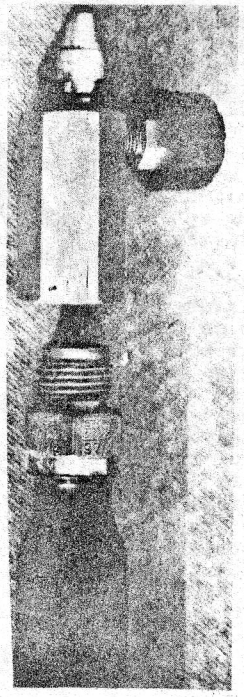
Me?

Martina's grade 'A' sperm bank offer a wide range of models, from the sweet, and easy-to-care-for "Diana", to the very handsome "Roger Moore", to the cont--roversial,& exciting "Vidal Saswoon". All at very reason--able and affordable prices.
Our service is quick, efficient, and hygenic, using only the highest grade donors.
You can be paid up to £50 for one single donation, should you wish to take this up sod off.

without any thought of the life he may have created. How is a child produced this way supposed to feel

I myself went heavily doused to a nude psychodrama marathon at a commune in North London and enjoyed myself in the cause of science rolling around in a heap of naked bodies. But then so did all the others too, possibly more than me, as I was worried about the dishonesty of my pong and the fact that I'd rather overdone it.

about a father who sold the essence of his life so cheaply and to a total stranger?"



the new gestetner inseminator head,

technology & simplicity

THE MEMBRANES

The Membranes are a band from Blackpool, which doesn't rate them too high on the hip 'credibility scales'. They are a 'fashionable' band still they've been built up very high in 'certain quarters' which they don't deserve, but where would the world be without self-respect?

Much to my surprise I discovered that a) there are loads of bands in Blackpool b) the Membranes can afford to spend £100 recording a flexi disc, so they're not quite the struggling cause I first suspected.

They have made 3 records, 1, the aforementioned flexi 'Flexible Membrane', a single on their own Vinyl Drip label 'Muscles' and a new Membranes, re-released on Rondolet, this is quite a 'snappy dude' but is a mite froggy. Also have appeared on a compilation single with the nipper from the Jesus Jones.

The outward impression is one of extreme silliness, stupid comments 'life is but the mud off the eye of a broke', dumb names 'Cosy Sid' 'appealing handwriting' 'cosy writing to me but this would seem to be at least partly a disguise as some of the words on 'Junkies' on the flexi suggest.

Muscles and 'Fashionable

The 'sound' is bouncy, meaty, rhythmic stuff, thick on the harmonics (Ramones tactics), with teeny tunes to hum to, sounding, I presume, far better live than recorded, which always extremely well for them, I like it.

Blackpool Rox is a fanzine produced by them, and it is excellent, a basic silliness flavoured with the odd touch of sincerity, a rampant sense of humour, a fairly 'mainstream' background, and a cheap price, it seems to sum the band up pretty well (it's also a small format).

John Robb, the bassist, appears to be the main 'spokesperson', and has slyly slid publicity into Masterbag, a truly atrocious mag, which is discouraging, still. This aspect, the self slagging, is one which I don't like too much, but then the band appear to be trying desperately to climb out of the 'Blackpool Rut'.

All their records minus Muscles, and the fanzine, are available from, 53 Anchorsholme Lane, Blackpool, Lancs FY5 3 QW, 'Rox' costs 50p + SAE, flexi 30p + large sae, single, dunno.

Quite honestly I'm sick of all the trendy bands around at the moment, just about everyone, which is why there's very little music in this issue, the Membranes may have their egos but they're not full of shit/top on down/prick mumbli/crap, and I've got enough time for them. And they're worth yours too.

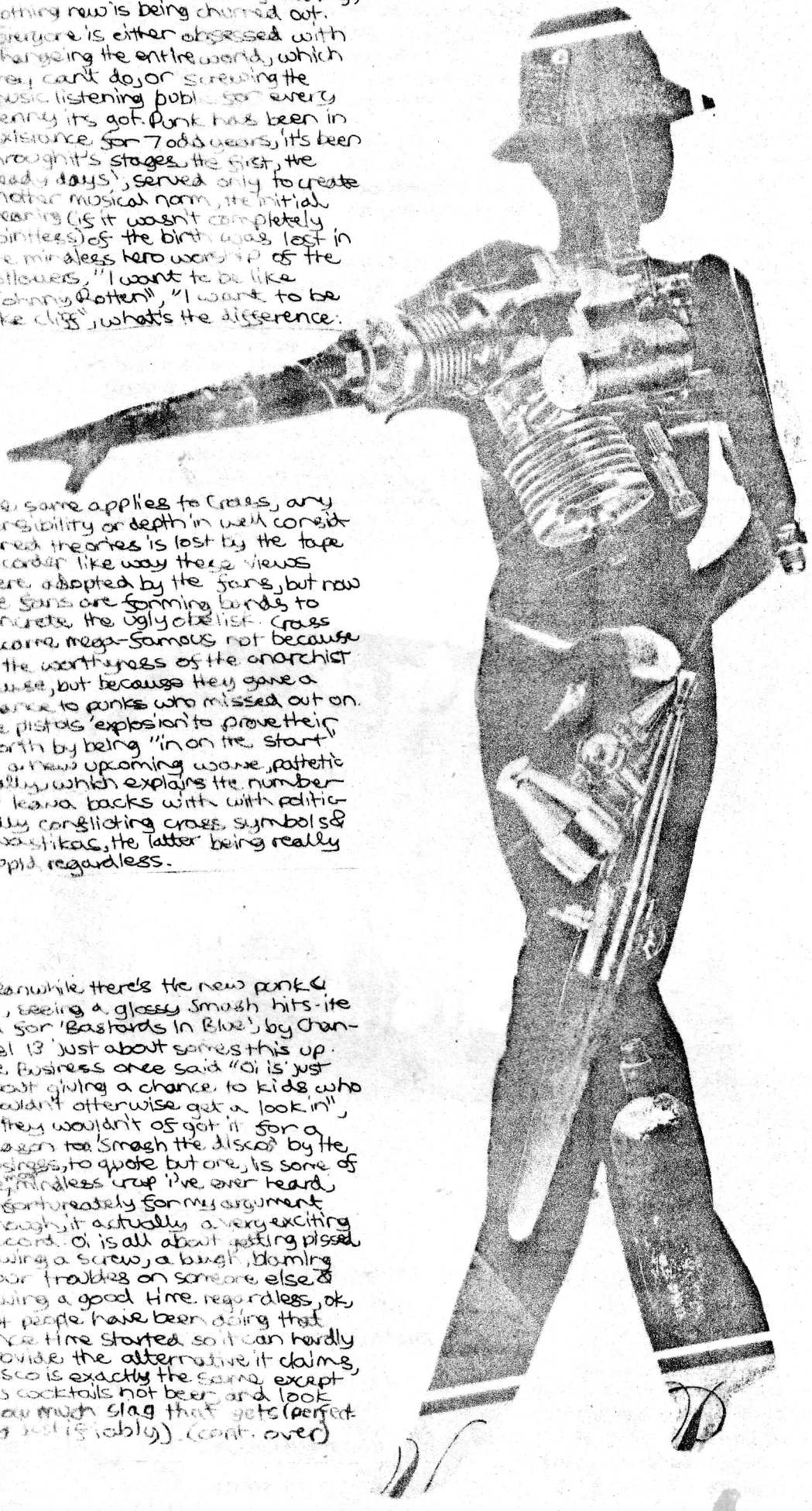
Also available are 'Vinyl Drip' postcards, also funny - get on with it!

25 Memberanes Fans Can't Be Wrong!

(See review booklet).

"Hi, my name's Susie
trying to sell these
with these peaches
don't worry, she gets paid for this.
WHAT A PRAT
keep cruisin' brethren.
j'a

I don't know whether I need to tell you this but music is stagnating, nothing new is being churned out. Everyone is either obsessed with changeing the entire world, which they can't do, or screwing the music listening public for every penny its got. Punk has been in existance for 7 odd years, it's been through it's stages, the first, the 'ready days', served only to create another musical norm, the initial meaning (if it wasn't completely pointless) of the birth was lost in the mindless hero worship of the followers, "I want to be like Johnny Rotten", "I want to be like Cliff", what's the difference.



The same applies to Crass, any sensibility or depth in well considered theories is lost by the tape recorder like way these views were adopted by the fans, but now the fans are forming bands to concrete the ugly obelisk Crass become mega-famous not because of the worthyness of the anarchist cause, but because they gave a chance to punks who missed out on the pistols 'explosion' to prove their worth by being "in on the start" of a new upcoming wave, pathetic really, which explains the number of Crass backs with with politically conflicting Crass symbols & swastikas, the latter being really stupid regardless.

Meanwhile there's the new punk & Oi, seeing a glossy smash hits-ite ad for 'Bastards In Blue' by Channel 13 just about sums this up. The Business once said "Oi is just about giving a chance to kids who wouldn't otherwise get a look in", & they wouldn't of got it for a reason too 'Smash the disco' by the business, to quote but one, is some of the mindless crap I've ever heard, unfortunately for my argument though, it actually a very exciting record. Oi is all about getting pissed, having a screw, a bough, blaming your troubles on someone else & having a good time regardless, ok, but people have been doing that since time started, so it can hardly provide the alternative it claims, disco is exactly the same except it's cocktails not beer and look how much slag that gets (perfectly (sic) (ably)) (cont. over)

1 Pilot's alignment lines (tape)
2 Windshield frame.
3 Transparent sequence card holder.
4 Compass.
5 Stopwatch.
6 Slipball.
7 Altimeter.
8 'G' Accelerometer.
9 Exhaust gas temperature.
10 Revolution counter.
11 'G' Accelerometer.
12 Combined temps./Pressures.
13 Airspeed indicator.
14 Starter button.
15 Manifold pressure.
16 Limit card.
17 Climb/Descent.
18 Smoke ignition.
19 Propellor pitch.
20 Alternate Engine air.
21 Engine cut-off.
22 Ignition & Magneto switch.
23 Battery booster socket.
24 Rudder pedals.
25 Fuel selector lever.
26 Throttle.
27 Fuel pump.
28 Brake pedals.
29 Floor window panel.
30 Control column with transmit button & fin plug.
31 Flaps & trimmers.
32 Canopy lock handles, (In locked position etc)
33 Mainspar wing box.
34 Sliding canopy frame.
35 Harness centre lock buss.
36 Abdominal pad for aerobatics.
37 Pilot's seat squab.
38 Canvas 'boot' for stick.

Ah yes, disco [illegible], forget the starving millions, wait for the end of the world having an amazing time on the dance floor. It is the perfect music, music that everyone can enjoy, even grandma. For that reason I equate it with all this 'new romantic' crap, wasn't it Duran Duran who said "We want to be the band who are dancing when the bomb drops", sums it up. You could just say 'so what', about all these stupid attitudes, 'who cares what it represents', well I'd say that with an attitude like that you will be dancing when the bomb drops and your suffering will be your own fucking fault for not doing anything about it.

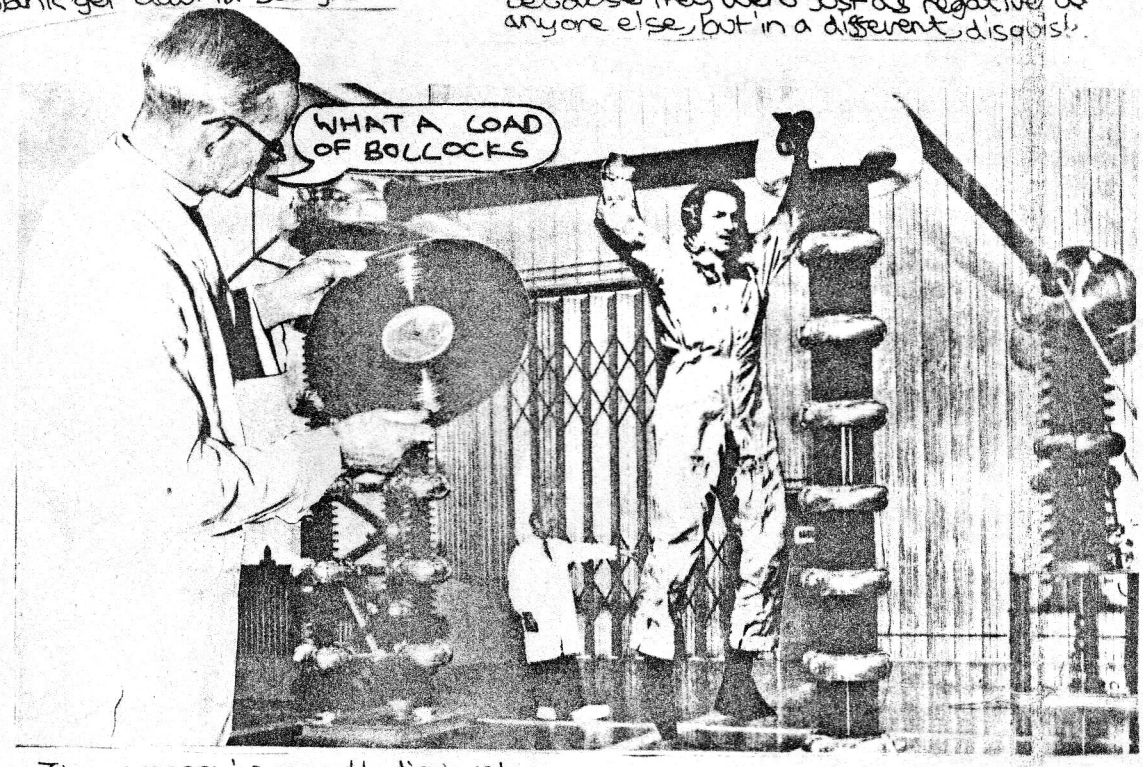
People have been couldn't-care-less piss artists since before christ (etc), and as a result the world could now be on the verge of destruction.

Where pop music comes in is that in its capacity as mass entertainer and status symbol it's afforded far greater power and importance than it deserves, ie: people following a political movement just because their fave band do, but instead of using this power constructively, they just fuck the people about with either completely un-though-out political stupidity, or blank 'get down & boogie' negativism.

The only bands worth anything are either bands like the Membranes who have virtually no power whatsoever due to their silliness, or bands with real conviction like Crass, the majority of whose interested listeners take their views hook, line & sinker, by that I'm not saying they're wrong but you've got to think about an idea before you can afford any conviction to believing or scourning it.

I know non of this is about the music it sels but invariably these days music is not all you get, whether the music is good or bad you get a bit of get down & boogy, get pissed, destroy, or fuck a mod, you can't avoid the bands views, that's where bands like pigbag come in, but they use someone else's musical ideas, you just can't win, music is in a rut, the solution is another Pistol's revolution, no it isn't, the reason they got swallowed up by big business was because they were just as negative as anyone else, but in a different disguise.

STYLISH LIVING



occasionally people like Clock DVA make a stand, but most of them are whittled down to the norm eventually, as shown by the groveling way in which their latest record, 'Spirits still aflame', has picked up all things Spardaw Ballet, funky, & trendie. It's just sad to see so much hipocrosy in these, consident shouts of defiance, like the horse being said to the knackers yard, still remembering its owners as its driven away.

The end.

Zigzag magazine recently displayed their discretion and intelligence by voting this fine magazine 4th in their fanzine 'chart'. However it turns out that they just went to Rough Trade, took 10 fanzines, arranged them into an order, and printed it. Much as I like being put above such juices as NMX, with only 10 looked at, the competition was pretty small. As a measure of what I've said elsewhere in this rag zigzag seems to have gone from a near fanzine format to a starslingin' heap vaguely resembling the appallingly mindless Smash Hits. Anyway, thanks for the free publicity.

They calling it CBZ is understandable because most of RT's copies have that on it, until I took it out because it looks stupid, if in doubt, phone 'em up and ask. As for it being issue 1 (according to them), they obviously didn't notice the number 7 I wrote on all the covers.

PS: I can't bear the way ZZ writers are constantly name-dropping, it's like a Royal Garden party in glossy print.

ZIGZAG'S TOP TEN FANZINES

1	KILL YOUR PET PUPPY	NO 5	30p
2	MASTERBAG	NO 11	50p
3	VOX	NO 11	45p
4	CBZ mag/fanzine/etc	NO 7 nurds	15p
5	VIZ	NO 8	25p
6	GUILTY OF WHAT	NO 2	30p
7	KICK	NO 4	30p
8	NMX	NO 23	35p
9	ABILITY STINKS	NO 4	15p
10	THE SYSTEM PARTLY REVEALED	NO2	20p

stupid P

* hardly a fanzine comic

** no-one, I mean

full of numbo'd amistakes

Working her way back from that cold, swollen country-something like Holland-she felt a mixture of odd sensations. The most prom--inent she beleived, when on having nothing else to do she started to think about this mixture of odd sensations, was one that every spot on her hand or perhaps small insect that might settle on the skin of her hand, seemed to cease to be no more than just an insignificant black shanelet. No, it seem--ed to grow uncontrollably stifling into a larger then larger black blob swallowing her hand then her arm, blocking out her general line of view. Quickly she would feel as if she was falling into the black, slimy pit, down, down, endlessly, very quiet--ly. But then she would momentarily blink and find herself quickly flicking away the tiny insect.

She walked on, loostening her collar, for it was get--ting warmer now. The road, or rather largish path, seemed to stretch on a long way-certainly not forever however-and then fizzle away into the haze.

She restrained form look--ing at her hands for a considerable time for fear of being swallowed up again, but then started to sneeze. She felt her face, feeling for features she thought she would know well ending up, alas, not finding anything of interest. Once she had stopped sneezing she looked up to the very evident sky all above her, where it ought to be, then she looked down at her feet, all the while gently massaging the lobe of her ear. She noticed that her left shoe was missing. She stopped and looked back along the smooth, white path, and not too fat away she saw the dark, not particularly shoe-like speck that she assumed was her left shoe. She put down her rattling rucksack and ran, hopping style back to her left shoe, upon arriving she sneezed a solitary sneeze and looked back to--wards the considerably larger speck that was her rucksack, then deciding to put her shoe back on. Her odd sensation, she thought as she stood upright, had evidently gone away for she felt she remembered how she usually felt, although she still refrained from look--ing at her hands.

When she returned to her rucksack she fell into a form of uncomfortable sit--ting position-which she very slowly straightened out of, and decided she had come to the unfortuneate descision that, as much as she hated cycling, she had to travel the rest of the journey by that means, if she was to arrive before the rain. She took out the neatly disassembled bicyc--le and laid each piece quickly onto the placid whitish ground, grazing the palm of her hand on the careless 'made in Madacon' plaque which was placed sharply on the main part of the tubing.

Eventually she was on her way and soon the distant fizzle became a distant sharpness, which, all of a sudden, became very close indeed-and the gate of the metropolis was vaguely in sight. but it was too late, it had begun to rain, a sticky, gooey substance began to tumble down in front of her. She jumped off her bike and b gan to run for the gate through the foamy, translucent liquid. She looked at her hands, as the pink and yellow bubbles skimmed her finger --s. Then she looked at her grazed palm and saw-before her very eyes she allmost thought-the flecks of slightly reddened skin expand, and spin and burst into a vat of deep orange, and vermillion soup-like gunge. She felt herself floating or perhaps swimm--ing in the warm jelly. Little stopped her hand from falling asleep but the stinging, and she tried to blink hoping it would all go away or at least become something more maneagable but it didn't, as usual. Finally she reached the gate of the citidel & floated until the height of the slowly rising pulp enabled her to climb over the stone wall. Once on top of the wall she sneezed and looked down at the splutter --y mass that lay beneath her and then tried to shake off the yellow and pink sticky bubbles and red blobs of blood like gunge. They refused to leave her body and she gave up, look--ing at her grazed palm. It was still grazed, but the gunge had formed an insig--nificant crust on her skin which she was not sure was really there. She closed sed her eyes carefully and slept for a while.

On waking she looked over the citadel that lay to her right away from the gunge stained white. It was only just dawn, no-body would be awake. She momentarily felt a repellence, a reluctance to go into the citadel. The brown mess just seemed to scratch her eyes, but soon she forgot about it. A drum beat began to rise from within a rather large clump of houses, and she jumped from the top of the wall to the second level 20' below, from there she walked round the round edged stairs to the first of the main streets below, hands in her still sticky pockets. Something walked in front of her, it was a nun. The street was clean, all the little machines made sure of that, and she began to walk aimlessly down the glowing pavement. She had forgotten why she had come. She stopped and thought painfully back to the swollen city so far away now. The thin red man and the small gun and something else. A name, or was it an address? She felt in her back pocket and found the implemeny wrapp--ed neatly in orange paper with the address dangling stupidly in front of her. She held it up and read it picking at the wrapping paper. The gun was cheap & basic, but she supposed it would kill, hoping perhaps that it might have been jammed by the sticky jelly but it was all in one piece-no cracks, no screws, just the button and the space where the projectile would come out.

She read the card again & followed the small man that was written on the back. She soon arrived at the sharp metal doors of the office that lay innoc--ently in the address inscribed on the card. The city was still lazily pulling itself out of the morning's twilight. She pushed the cold door open and walked forewards into the dimness, she turned left, down the stairs and found the door with the right name on it. There was a feeble light beind it.

She walked through and stood 3 yards in front of the man, working sweatily under the cramped light. He said without looking up;

-I didn't call for anything Miss Yardley.

-I've come to kill you she said quietly, slowly raising the gun.

-What! the man looked up, confused, and saw the small gun,

-no, please, why, w.

She raised the gun level with her victim and mom--emterily a small fly settled on her index knu--ckle. She stared at the hand as it began to be swallowed by the gurgling black sprawl that grew just behind her weapon. Grew, and grew, until she felt herself falling, falling down, out of cont--rol, no feelings, just down and down, forever.

by John Colman.

brilliant wasn't it ?

SMILE MAKERS

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

'WE WERE turning into a bunch of poo Fs!'

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY started as THE 'Boys Next Door' but then they were apparently one of those boring commercial groups. THEN THEY CHANGED. they began as the group we know (well I do) I am not a knowledgeable Birthday Party fan but due to influence from Friends and AQUAINTANCES I have become interested in them. THIS began when I went to see their last VENUE performance on March 5th. The support group were the Cocteau Twins, who were not given a good reception. THE audience remained on their asses with a few unusual people dancing on the floor, I for one did not know what to expect.

PREVIOUS to the gig we had been to see Nick Cave through odd circumstances. He seemed readily willing for his performance and he left his some what gloomy atmosphere to arrange for my brother to go backstage.

At first I didn't understand the Cocteau Twins but NOW I definately consider them a band to be interested in. Their singer has a VERY interesting voice which needs no patent. It is a pity the crowd refused to react and that the bastards at the VENUE didn't give them a good PA which they NEeded.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY, THE FALL, THE COCTEAU TWINS & THE ROOM - JUST 4 FROM OUR GRRREAT MUSIC SCENE !

The Birthday Party came on at about 9 and I was already at the front.

The set was previously planned but Nick still asked for requests. His energy must have been in surplus that week/night and this certainly made the gig fact. He even attacked me at one time

[illegible] match. [illegible] defin[illegible] better [illegible] on vinyl.

The [illegible] gig was somewhat [illegible]

We arrived from all directions with our previously bought tickets to crowded entrance. The atmosphere was full of weird people trying or attempting to look ordinary, I recognised a few people from the previous gig. But the crowd varied from Rocker Billy Looking characters, to Ritual Jans and 30yr-old hypies.

ONCE inside we went up to the galleries to admire 'the Room' an interesting group who probably will not be accepted by readers like me. [HOWEVER psychedelically inclined you are] Unlike the Venue a fair number gathered around the stag to this unexpected group

the Fall

Cocteau Twins

ONCE THEY WERE OFF, PEOPLE RE-GROUPED FOR THE B'PARTY. The band assembled on the stage and fairly rapidly they started 'Pleasure Heads'. Once Nick moved so did the crowd. I, having previously had my face in a Sioxy-gel fans hair, was shifted, with some degree of self determination, towards the stage eventually I arrived. I found all the energy was being spent at/by the fronts 3-rows. Nick was not so energetic tonight. After the B'Party had done 3/4's of the act and had begun 'Big Jesus Trash Can' Nick was trapped in the crowd, so after a degree of patience the group went back stage. Then with Nick? they re-appeared, to sing 'Zoo Music Girl'

"THIS EPITOMIZES THE CRIME OF THE ROCK CLAN SYNDROME" AN INSIGHT BY M.y.C.

The Fall came on about 10:10 (according to the block nexted to me) a 20 minute break. By now the Fallians had set in, completely changing the front row excepted me? They played many of the tracks from 'Hex Enduction Hour'; Hip priest, Jawbone and the Air-Rifle, Who Makes the Nazis, And this day and also a Enduction track not on the album? Jawbone and Air-Rifle also appears on the Fall's Chaos? tape 009 and is considerably shorter than the Palais version.

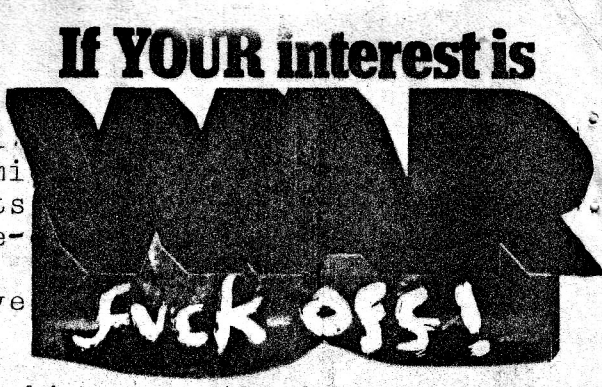
The crowd merely expected something from The Fall, not particular tracks. Towards the end I went to the back and there admired Smith's capability to penetrate everyone back or front. 'And this day' managed to finish off the audience! So when the encore came round we were all nakered.

The Fall, the B'Party and the O'Twins are all loner groups with expanding audiences but closed influences and even Y.T. Peel says so they will not become commus.

THIS ROOM

by M.y.C. Sorry about squiggle at end. Remember Rasco and write Publisher for more information on pictures + bootlegs?

political indoctrination session.



To crib a phrase from hos eminence Gearge Orwell: 'the celebrations heaved to their massive argasmi -c climax', right now the UK is going through its longest ever marathon fuck, and it doesn't end he- -re.
The Falklands, the Royal romance, wedding, baby have wound up the country into an unparalleled state of jingoistic fervour, just when the Tory govt. looks like being in serious danger of a good whacking over the issues of unemployment & economic slump, distraction is created with enough whip crack- -ing to cloud the glass, through which we vaguely view our problems, perman- -ently, well almost.
The Falklands come up, the Government takes a few token slashes at solving the business peacefully, and then, as soon as they realise that the Argentin- ians aren't too enthusiastic, which is hardly surprising since they started it, they arse out of negotiations, which they never cared for anyway other- -wise we would have seen a little effort (yes I know they made a couple of attempts but it wasn't many and when they're capable of spending 400-500 million on the task force one wonders why they couldn't have done a bit better), they slog in the troops, whip up a bit of the old fervour, drown the accusations of hipocracy in the blood of 125 innocent British and some of the civilians they were trying to save, and secure their seat in the next elections.
The kind of money you spend on wars would do alot of good at election time if they spent it on making jobs, ever thought of that, but the fact is that they're not prepared to spend that kind of money on helping people, only harming them.
Jingoism, censorship, and the carefull manipulation of the political situation turned a nasty thorn into a blood bath, 9 British soldiers were killed by other British soldiers but we weren't told that until a week afterwards when it was garuenteed 3rd page coverage in the papers, we won't send the bodies home they said, but now they will, appeasment of the electorate?
The british are wonderfull, that's why were going to so much trouble to save them in the Falklands, it just so happens that it saves our power, convinces people that Britain is fantastic when it's steadily rotting, and the massive expenditure caused by all this saves loads of dockyard jobs.
What was at stake was the rights of 2,000 falklanders, their freedom of choice, and to secure that hundreds were killed and wounded, families torn and destroyed, and money that could save thousands of lives in the 3rd world was wasted, as the Pope said, man's primary right is the right to live, I reckon all rights overuled by that right, so no matter how many people are being denied their wishes no-one should die for it; the British troops may be able to decide whether or not to join up, but 17 year Argentinian con- -scripts can't but that doesn't stop the govt. making orders that will invariably cause the deaths of some of those conscripts.
I know the UK government is alot better than the Argentinians but when it takes a day for tapes of a service in Stanley to get back, and a week for the news of the sinking of a British ship, and the government callously sacrifices the lives of fellow humans to cloud the blunders of their past, I am drawn to suspect that our rulers are the lesser of 2 evils.
The falklands business was a con to deceive everyone, there was trouble but it wasn't worth the cost, unfortuneately some people have a pretty warped sense of priorities; ask the family of a dead soldier how they feel, if they're sad, if they're proud, take into account the 'delaying' of news reports (selective delaying), study how the US government talked it's way out of a seemingly impossible situation in Cuba, put 2 & 2 together and you'll realise you've been swizzed, and your votes swizzed off you.
If the troubles thousands of miles away and comparitively harmless govern- -ments don't mind fucking around with poople's lives, when the trouble's slap bang on their doorstep and involves nuclear arms they try diplomacy and suceed (Cuba again), and all that cost was a large phone bill and half a dozen plane tickets, people just don't care enough to try.

ENDURE

.1.1.1

Then there's the usuall dose of mindless hipocracy from the Russians, they cond-emn British imperialism (look at Afgahnistan) when all they're worried about is the grain they buy from Argentina, and no one in the USSR moans because they'll end up in jail, I had a sort of friend of my old school, he was Polish, whose uncle was hanged by the Russians for purely political reasons. They're no better than the quasi-nazi Argentinian government, but the KGB's too efficient to let that kind of thing get known about.

Now my friends America, with the nuclear freeze movement threatening the govt. over there Haig made a few desperate attempts to look caring and peacefull to appease the angry populus with what was basically a face saving lie, and when the whole thing backfires heads roll, but not Reagan's, no, no way, the whole focus and figurehead of the government remains intact despite the fact that all that he represents has just made a complete fuck up finally smashing the shreds of his credibility, how convenient. Reagan the unbreachable, his power looks a bit more secure now too.

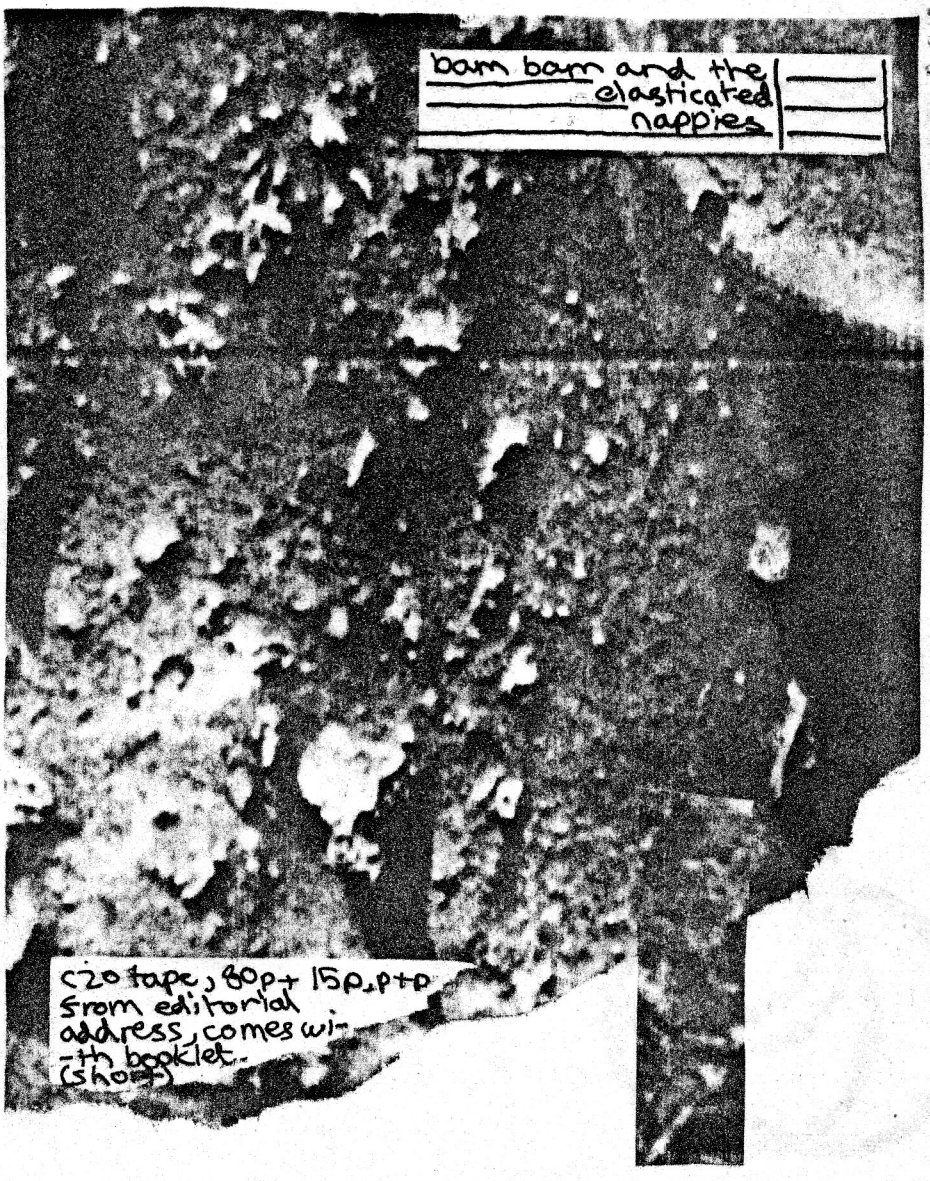
Then there's the Argentine government, a picture of puke they are, murdering cheating and lying their way to power, they used the same jingoinsm tactics as the Britisn when their power was in danger, but they were stupid enough to let the whole thing backfire, meanwhile they continue to kill their way to the top, the very image of nazi-ism that they're papers accused Thatcher of being, a very big f.o. to them.

All in all absolutely everyone involved in this sordid, stupid mess has been a complete bastard, and allthough in effect the Argentinians have been and are worse, our government has more blood to answer for, and the UK and US pretend to be decent people whereas at least the Argentinians admit they admire fascism and Hitler. It's a soory token of the world today thet the UK, US, USSR & Argentina, in varying degrees have governments crawling with lying, hipocritic-al morons.

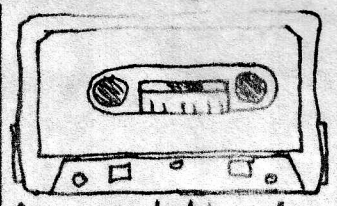
Bye for now!

Anti-Apartheid Movement, 89 Charlotte Street, Lon, W1P, 2DQ (tel 580 5311).
Namibia support Comittee, 168 North Gower Street, Lon, NW1.

South Africa's Apartheid regime has exploited the black majority in its land for many years, people are forced to work like slaves, in appauling conditions, for virtually nothing, now that they have been 'milked' of a large part of their capability the govt. is sending the old & unfit to 'homelands', where they can be free and 'independant', these homelands are the most arrid & useless part of the nation, and once there the inhabitants have no power to leave, it's a con & a lie. When the miners in SA's rich diamond mines die of dust poisoning, no-one cares a flying fuck. This evil regime extends into Namibia, under SA's control, fascism grows in the hot south.



bye brethren,



Anyone wishing to contribute to the 2nd concrete Beaches cassette should contact me at the editorial address, material can be of any type so long as I still like it, (v. silly that).
Vaguely lined up for inclusion so far are Attrition from Coventry, and the very obscure Television Disease from Bedford.

Tapes of the Full & the Birthday Party at the Hammersmith Palais are available from NYC, they will be reviewed CB: 9 also available is a C20 tape of the Meteors recorded live in Paris, the quality of this tape is excellent.
Address: Scarecrow / Camp Bayston, 44 Bayston Rd, Stoke Newington, London, N16.

Rubella Ballet / c/o XNTRIX records, Rough Trade, 137 Blenheim Cres, London, W11.

Many thanks to Bull Chilver, and Ian Wiezorek, of Premature and Fast Fiction magazines respectively, for selling Concrete Beaches, and not demanding a percentage.

I am searching for a) free products, all always welcome, and will be returned if necessary, send SAE to @ people can be willing to sell Concrete Beaches for me, b) people willing to help with gigs etc, and keep a track of takings & copy sold, address at the front.

CONCRETE BEACHES

Sources: Issue 7 - 2p sides A5 reduced from A4; 8 - 20 sides A4 (some reduced) + 6 sides A5

reduced, 15pp 25p p+p = 2.5 sae, from Conc Bee, 29, Lington way, London, SE3 7TJ.

teach them to vandalise human life.....

don't forget no:9.

Tom Buhler

THE POLICE

People usually groan when they hear talk of the Police;
"Really boring."
"Shit."

And yet they still get to No.1 with practically every song. How come?

I put it down to their inventiveness. The Police play music, not songs. That's why some people find them tedious.

To enjoy the Police you have to sit back and concentrate on them. Then you really get caught up with the pumping, springing tunes.

Sting, with his wailing, high voice and undulating bass guitar, Andy Sommers keeping the music sounding full and varied, and Stuart Copeland, the drummer. In my view he is the real backbone of the group. He and Sting seem to produce the perfect melody, changing together and varying it all the time, never letting the song fade. Copeland brings out a totally new sound on the drums. He always concentrates on the beat, like Reggae drummers, while playing real melodies on the cymbals and the Arabian tom-toms (the black barrel shaped drums). Together they fit perfectly.

*Listen to "Voices Inside My Head" - Zenyatta Mondata (3rd album, side 1)

Their first album, "Outlandos d'Amour" is fast, loud rock, the words packed with slogans and jargons. Then came Funk, so they adapted slightly in their second album. It was here that their sophistication and originality stemmed.

By their third album they had a novel style that was quite popular. And now, with 'Ghost in the Machine' they have turned slightly to disco, putting a lot of people off. However, this does not mean that they are posers, as their individual style is still present throughout.

On all four albums I had to listen three or four times before beginning to enjoy them; but by the end it was so exciting and rewarding to listen to.

So, take my advice and give them a good chance. They're worth it.

I recently received a copy of S/M operation's first magazine, It included a postcard of a baby being removed from its mothers womb with a pair of gynacological (is that's how you spell it) forceps, and an interview with a mortuary assistant about some of his gorier experiences, it has inspired me to write an artical about the use/effect of shock tactics which will appear in CB: 9, anyway, thanks to Ben Allen for sending it.

A word on contributions; all contributions are welcome and wanted, to a large extent regardless of content, if CB becomes a port form for other people's views that's fine by me, so long as they present an argument in defence of those views which is fairly well based / balanced, there's no reason why I would'nt include a piece, Tom's Police article for instance, I disagree with, but he states his points & reasons quickly and precisely, that reduces the size maybe, but makes for a better articles. Where's your piece?

Extra thanks must go to Zillah Minx, Gem Stere, Oscar Rayres, Paul Chilver, Mark Chilver, and John Robb. Also Eric Soulier for much encouragement etc

Thanks 'fer 'yer readin'

an idea from 'Cabaret', print this little ad → in a publication you produce, send me a copy with an ad, I'll print your ad in exchange, & send you a copy of the CB it appears in.

concrete beaches #8, 20 sides H+ 6 sides A5: 25p

b. party / fall / rubella ballet / membranes / review booklet 6 sides A5 / music negativism / falklands retrospective / collage / electronic methods / a story / various other junk.

The satin wedding dress (above) was photographed in 1933. Later its unnamed wearer – and subsequent donor – removed its sleeves and it became an evening gown. Today, as worn by our model reclining on Dali's sofa (left), it looks as modern as when it swept down the aisle. Below, an early photograph of the elegant Lady Holman. She presented the museum with her camiknickers (right), part of her 1930 trousseau: when she showed them, by request, to the ladies of a Saudi Arabian harem she was visiting (unaccompanied) on her honeymoon, there was an international to-do

bed[illegible] generosity
very first
McCooey.